

Mrs. Bradley Martin's Famous Fancy-dress Ball is fully illustrated in this Number.

LESLIE'S WEEKLY

ILLUSTRATED

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FIFTH AVENUE AFTER A SNOW-STORM.

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Go on with the Navy.



REJOICE as we should over the prospect of the ratification of an arbitration treaty between the United States and Great Britain, there are many incidental features associated with this most desirable result that as a nation we should not overlook. First of all, we should not lull ourselves complacently into fancying that war henceforth is to be an impossibility for us. The recent recognition of the Monroe doctrine by Great Britain as a most vital force in international affairs has brought tremendous responsibilities with it, and as this treaty, sooner or later, is sure to be adopted, it is just as well for us to remember that now is the time to go on increasing our navy, so as to be ready for all emergencies.

It is also most opportune to recall that the United States has ceased to be a laughing-stock among the nations of the globe when the subject of diplomacy is mentioned. Time and again have we been reminded that this country could have no real foreign policy, could have no real diplomacy, because of our isolated position and because of our lack of a military and naval establishment to add a show of force to our demands. It is well to inquire why this change has come about. The reason is because the other nations of the globe have found out that already we have a formidable modern navy, and that in a short time we shall have a better one. Respect for this country began with this discovery and has continued ever since. Our diplomatists of to-day are not one whit more able than those of former years, and the causes they have had to plead are not of greater importance than those of decades ago. Nevertheless, a change has come over the spirit of other nations in their dispositions toward us. They have discovered that our Secretary of State is as profound, as able, as brilliant as those of other countries, and that the assertion that we can never expect to exert a positive influence among the nations because we lack diplomatic traditions and a trained corps of diplomatists is untrue in fact and in theory. The United States seem to be exercising considerable influence in international affairs, no matter whether as individuals we approve of all of the details of that influence.

The first countries to show a change in disposition toward us were those in South America. It was the knowledge that we had a smart naval establishment that kept Chili from declaring war upon us in President Harrison's administration. One of our best-known admirals has said repeatedly since that time that the appearance of four of our modern ships of war, on their way from San Francisco to the Columbian naval demonstration in New York, in as many harbors of Southern and Central America as the ships could enter in their limited time of passage had a most marked effect in the demeanor of those countries toward our own. Naval officers do not hesitate to assert that Great Britain's marked friendly disposition toward us dates from the time that she discovered that we intended to fight for Venezuela if necessary. They also assert boldly that it is our navy that has caused Great Britain to be zealous for arbitration, and suddenly reverse all her traditions since she began her struggle for commercial supremacy in the world.

There can be little doubt that there is justification for these views, even if they are not entirely correct. If we secure an agreement for arbitration with Great Britain it is well to remember that it does not affect questions of national honor, and also that it applies to disputes with Great Britain alone. We cannot enforce our views regarding national honor with Great Britain without a navy, and we cannot secure respect from other nations in ordinary disputes without a show of naval power. A firm policy in international matters not only results in increased commerce for us, but aids in the spread of the gospel of liberty and in its onward march in civilization. If the up-building of our navy has been so largely instrumental in bringing about an arbitration agreement, by all means let us continue increasing it in the interests of true and lasting peace.

The history of the world shows one thing most conclusively—the nation which fails in time of peace to prepare for war must always pay the penalty for such criminal neglect.

The Treasury Portfolio.

IT has often been said that the Secretary of the Treasury in the Cabinet of the President was the greatest banker in the world. This is probably true. But notwithstanding the fact, up to this time there have been few practical

bankers that have been called upon to preside over this very important department, though those who have held the position, notably McCulloch and Manning, have been men of ability and signal administrative capacity. Usually, however, some politician of more or less influence or negative availability has been called to this post. Major McKinley, in selecting his financial secretary, has picked out a banker, Mr. Lyman J. Gage, of Chicago, and the choice appears to meet with very hearty approval.

Mr. Gage has long been the leading banker in the middle West, and, though never an active politician, he has always taken a very earnest interest in public affairs. He enjoys the absolute confidence of those who know him best, while his reputation throughout the country is that of a safe, conservative, though broad-minded, business man of the best type.

There are those who do not accept him as a positive character, but look upon him as changeable, caring more for the prosperous side than the right principle. We understand why some should honestly entertain this incorrect idea. Mr. Gage is much inclined to investigation. The new theories—religious, scientific, social, and political—that are from time to time advanced have interest for him whether they appeal to him or not. He wants to know about them, and so he investigates the theory, whether it be one of taxation or one as to revelations of the spiritual life beyond the grave. Now, those who investigate such questions in company with Mr. Gage, and are converted, look askance at the gentleman who does not travel as fast as they. The single-tax advocate and spiritualistic fanatic are alike in one regard—they have little use for those who keep their feet squarely on the earth and still believe in that which is old.

It is not likely that Mr. Gage's taste for investigation has seriously hurt him, or in any way lessened the capacity which has given him the foremost place among the bankers of Chicago. As Secretary of the Treasury Mr. Gage will have abundant opportunity to look into many things about which all the people of this country are extremely curious.

Protect the Young!

THE unscrupulous conductors of the "new journalism" enterprises are unable to answer directly the charges



MR. ELBRIDGE T. GERRY.

brought against them by their decent contemporaries generally, but they make a great point of claiming that these attacks are prompted by professional jealousy. The "old" newspapers, they say, are alarmed and envious of the large circulation to which the sensational sheets attain, no matter how. There is a suspicion of truth about this assertion, which makes it worth attention. Nobody, we suppose, can believe that Mr. Elbridge T. Gerry, the president of the New York Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, is envious of the personal notoriety of these newspaper publishers; nor is it to be imagined that the organization of which Mr. Gerry is the efficient head can have any axe to grind, in a business way, in denouncing newspapers, bad or good. Therefore we take satisfaction in quoting, from the president's address in the lately published annual report of the New York Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, statements which officially confirm the most serious indictment brought against the "new journalism"—namely, that it is a wholesale corrupter of youth.

Notwithstanding all the humane, legal, and religious influences at work in this community, says President Gerry, juvenile criminals are increasing. To what cause does he attribute this unpleasant fact? Here is his answer: "Many of these children are bright, intelligent, and precocious; they are ready to seize upon whatever may be placed in their way in the form of literature, and to shape their own actions accordingly. They soon learn to read, and then comes the first cause of their training in vice—what may well be called *vicious journalism*. Lurid stories of crime, illustrated by vivid pictures representing criminals in daring and attractive attitudes; descriptions of criminals arrested for gross immoralities, with the like pictorial illustrations; narratives of these, and especially of children charged with crime, where all the details are elaborated with the greatest care, with their pictures often of a salacious character, make a deep-seated and deep-rooted impression. Any one conversing with children held for crime may soon learn whence the suggestions of crime are derived. They are only too ready to talk on the subject, and frequently to compare their exploits with those chronicled in these newspapers. . . . Dime-novels are bad

enough, but the criminal news costs almost nothing to purchase. It is the enemy of the human race, and especially of the poor and ignorant. The intelligent neither read nor believe it."

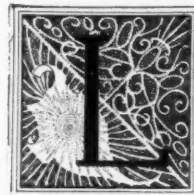
One of these new journalists is at present running in his paper an anarchistic sensation in the form of a "relief fund" for the alleged starving poor of New York. The officials of the united charities of the city declare this gratuitous agitation to be a public nuisance, inasmuch as there is no more distress than is usual and inevitable in the winter season, and the noisy newspaper advertising simply attracts vagrants and professional paupers from outside the city, while seriously interfering with the work of the regular organizations in helping the really deserving poor.

One of the favorite schemes in this line is a "sick babies' fund." The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children report, from which we have quoted above, declares that this enterprise "has been the source of a large number of complaints made to the society in regard to children begging, ostensibly for this 'fund,' but only using this as a cover for begging for themselves or their parents."

There is something in the Bible—which, by the way, the "new" journals tell us is one mass of errors, mistranslations, and misprints—to the effect that even the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel.

Protect the young from the journalism that is "new" in audacity, but old in depravity.

Festivities and Poverty.



LAST week we had something to say of the very superficial view of those who maintained that the lavish expenditures of the rich were wicked while there was poverty in the community. These critics of the Bradley Martins have shifted their ground since their first declaration of disapproval, and they now maintain that the mere accumulation of money in the banks serves better purposes than even the spending of it and its distribution among those who labor for it. They say that when there is plenty of money in the banks it will be lent out, and so business be stimulated and quickened.

This is another superficial theory which, upon examination, is found to be quite wrong. Banks do not lend much money except when business is brisk; business is never brisk except when there is work to be had and wages to be earned. Money locked in banks does no good of any kind whatever; its idleness is a loss to the owners of it and a hardship upon those who need it. Bankers understand this perfectly, and they know that the old idea of rich people waxing richer out of the distresses of the poor is arrant nonsense. The capitalist makes most money when those who live by manual labor have full and profitable employment.

So the much-vexed question as to the morality of large personal expenditures must go back to first principles; as to the economy, in a large sense, there can be no question.

The New Siberia.

IN all the world there is no place at this time of more interest than the new Siberia, that mysterious land associated in the minds of all of us



MR. THOMAS G. ALLEN, JR.

more with convicts and prison-life than anything else. This land is now engaging the best efforts of the czar, as it did the best efforts of his father, to bring to it a great and prosperous development. Appreciating the general importance of the subject, we have secured the services of Mr. Thomas G. Allen, Jr., to tell, with pictures and text, all that is best worth knowing about this little-traveled and entirely misunderstood land. The first of these articles appeared last week, and the others will be printed presently. The development of Siberia will have great economical consequences all over the world. It is rich in minerals, and the mines will soon be worked with all the ingenuity of modern engineering. A great railroad makes a highway entirely across this land, and it, with its branches, will soon be prepared to take the grain and other products from this rich and verdant soil and bring them into direct competition with the farmers of North and South America.



—ON a recent visit to Boston, General John B. Gordon, the ex-Confederate, was entertained by a well-known lawyer, who showed him the sights. One of the places the Southerners visited was the cyclorama of the battle of Gettysburg; the old soldier admired it as a work of art, but he did not say anything. When the two came out of the building and were on their way

down town the lawyer inquired: "Well, general, what did you think of it?" "What did I think of it?" said the general, coming to a standstill and striking a defiant attitude—"Let them paint Bull Run!"

—A new "American-Irish Historical Society" has been organized in Boston, with Rear-Admiral Richard W. Meade, United States Navy, as president, and an executive committee including such well-known Hibernians as Teddy Roosevelt, General O'Beirne, and Gus St. Gaudens, of New York; Jimmie Jeffrey Roche and Tom Gargan, of Boston; Thomas Dunn Brown and Billy McAdoo, of New Jersey; Barney McAloon, of Staten Island; Matt Butler, of South Carolina, and Pat Walsh, of Georgia. The object of this association, as stated at the initial gathering (January 20th), is "the study of American history, investigation of the immigration of the people of Ireland to this country, and the examination of records of every character, wherever found, for the purpose of correcting erroneous, distorted, and false views of history in relation to the Irish race in America." The meeting was characterized by rousing enthusiasm, and if its aims be realized in a like spirit, many heads will be broken. Mr. Gargan, who presided, said that the history and mythology to be overhauled by this society would have to bear the modern search-light. He denounced the term "Scotch-Irish" as the most mythical of myths that had crept into history, and declared that the Irish of this generation declined to accept the lies which the English and their imitators have agreed upon as history of the Irish. Mr. Paul du Chailu, the renowned Irish-American explorer of Africa, and inventor of the gorilla, made a speech in Gaelic, to this effect: "You want ze facts, n'est-ce pas? ze truth! Eh, bien, unearth ze tr-r-r-uth! Present him to ze world, and nevaire be afraid of ze opposition—defy him, mille tonnerres!"

—The readers of this paper have long been familiar with the admirable photographic work of Mr. J. C. Hemment. Now we have the pleasure of presenting him personally. And personally Mr. Hemment is a very distinct individual. An Englishman by birth, he out-Yankees the Yankees in enterprise of the sort in which our countrymen are generally credited with outdoing the world. What Mr. Hemment starts out to do he pretty nearly always accomplishes, and nothing save the absolutely impossible ever makes him halt. Besides a photographer, he is an athlete, and is still, though thirty-three years old, one of the fastest skaters in the country. He has been all over this country in pursuit of pictures. Though he is not a writer, he is nevertheless a journalist, and few reporters have a keener appreciation of the timely, the interesting, and the important. His specialty in his profession is in taking instantaneous views. In this, though he has many rivals, he is unapproachable.

—Corroborating testimony is given in Hamlin Garland's life of Grant of the comparatively low rank attained at West Point by the future commander-in-chief of the army in everything but mathematics and horsemanship. Yet for all that, the Ohio cadet seems to have impressed his comrades with his soldierly qualities. One of his fellow-students, two classes ahead of him, was General John Porter Hatch, a veteran of two wars, of whom LESLIE'S WEEKLY recently had occasion to say some words of praise. General Hatch, who is passing the winter in New York, remembers Grant as a sturdy and self-reliant boy who commanded the respect of his companions. On one occasion a discussion arose among a group of cadets as to who was the ablest man in Grant's class. Several of the speakers gave this honor to W. B. Franklin, who led the class at graduation, but Cadet Deshon instanced "Sam" Grant as most likely to attain military distinction. Deshon, as Father Deshon, was himself destined to celebrity in pursuits of peace—as a priest of the Roman Catholic Church.

—No woman in this country has attracted more attention in recent years than Mrs. Mary Ellen Lease, formerly of Kansas, but now a resident of New York City. Notwithstanding her departure from Kansas, Mrs. Lease, at the recent election in the Kansas Legislature, received one vote for United States Senator. At the previous election she received nine votes, so it may be said that she has not entirely lost her hold on Kansas affairs. She is a Pennsylvanian by birth, and received her education and early training in New York State. It is interesting to know that she is the very antithesis of the picture of her in the popular mind—a picture made by the daily papers. In manner she is charming, and possesses rare dignity, which is relieved of severity by a graceful and



MRS. MARY ELLEN LEASE.

poetic turn of mind. Of late she has devoted herself to literary work and the lecture platform. It may not be too much to venture the opinion that she is sure to make herself as distinguished in the East as in the West.

—It appears that the celebrity which Editor White attained by his "What's the matter with Kansas?" editorial was due in larger part to the discriminating judgment of his wife. The editorial was destined for the waste-basket, as Mr. White, after writing it, looked upon it as "a touch beyond" even for the satirical columns of the *Gazette*, and laid it aside. While he was out of town one day his wife, who was temporarily in charge of the paper, came upon the manuscript and gave it to the printers for immediate use. The fame of the editorial and the success of his book, "The Real Issue," have not exalted Mr. White in its own esteem. "I am a plain country editor," he says, and he was abashed at the prospect of making a speech before the Chicago Fellowship Club, when entertained there; but he rose to the occasion with some stories of Kansas life, which were as edifying as they were amusing to the guests. In the writing of his stories Mr. White has not yet acquired much polish, as he uses "loan" as a verb, and speaks with entire confidence of a "bundle of laundry," meaning, we presume, a bundle from or for a laundry.

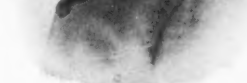
—The man on whose arm President Cleveland leaned as he walked on the stage at Carnegie Hall, on the occasion of the semi-centennial celebration of the New York Academy of Medicine, held recently, was his friend and physician, Dr. Joseph D. Bryant, president of the Academy. Thesetwomen met for the first time when Mr. Cleveland was Governor-elect of New York, and Dr. Bryant was made Surgeon-General on his staff. A warm friendship sprang up between them and has continued up to this time. No other man, except perhaps Secretary Lamont, has been so near the President as Dr. Bryant. They have fished together, hunted together, traveled together, and few clouds have darkened the sunshine of Presidential approval in which this faithful physician has continually basked. Dr. Bryant has a charming personality, and is one of the most skillful surgeons of this country.

—The late Monsignor Fabre, Bishop of Montreal, was a thorough Gaul in temperament and sympathies, and did not hesitate to express the latter in pungent *bons mots*, some of which have become legendary. Dining one day at the table of the Governor-General of the Dominion, he referred in course of conversation to "France, our mother." "France, your mother!" broke in the Governor; "what, then, is England to you?" The bishop smilingly shrugged his shoulders and replied: "Our mother-in-law."

—There was a time when it seemed as if Dr. Harper, of the University of Chicago, were destined to be the most talked-about college president in the land, but all the glitter of Standard Oil millions, the importation of high-priced professors from Germany, and other such aids to publicity have but temporarily obscured President Eliot's public fame. The Harvard president is again prominent in the press because of the strictures in his annual report on the system of athletic training pursued at the university. He complains of the evils of over-training and excessive exertion by the college "teams," and in doing so he voices officially the complaints of many graduates of the Cambridge university. Dr. Eliot was himself a creditable athlete—a rowing-man—in the days when Harvard regularly set the pace for Yale, and to-day there is no finer figure of a man among American college presidents. Tall, straight, and dignified, he is impressive wherever seen, and never more so than when he rises to make an after-dinner address. He was the first of the really young college presidents, and, as events have shown, he has been the most successful.

—Except for their ages and the fact that they are each working in the decline of life to recoup a shattered fortune, there are few points of similarity between Mark Twain and ex-Senator Tabor, yet out of the superabundance of sympathy for the bankrupt humorist, a little may be spared for the fallen bonanza king. No other American since Coal Oil Johnny has illustrated so pointedly by his collapse the fickleness of fortune. It seems only yesterday that he was extorting his millions from "Little Pittsburgh" and investing them in everything that the fancy of man could desire, from opera-houses to frilled night-shirts, and now he is swinging a pick, like a day laborer, at Cripple Creek. If every newspaper writer who has told and sold a new story about the old man's eccentricities were to contribute a dollar to him now he would be well grub-staked. There was vanity and selfishness and coarseness in his make-up, but he was never as bad as he was painted, and at the brief time of his dazzling prosperity he was as interesting a bonanza king as we have had.

—When Eugene Field died he left a daughter, Mary, a brave little girl, just budding into womanhood, who saw before her the possibility of keeping the family together by starting out in



PRESIDENT ELIOT.

a public career. She decided to give readings from her father's poems. From her childhood she had heard her father read over his favorites again and again, till the sentiment of every line

was instilled into her, and from the first moment when she began, last autumn, the undertaking has been a success. The sweet young woman has been in demand wherever she has ventured. The charm of Miss Field's reading is in the total absence of all effort, and the employment by her of her father's unaffected but highly effective methods.

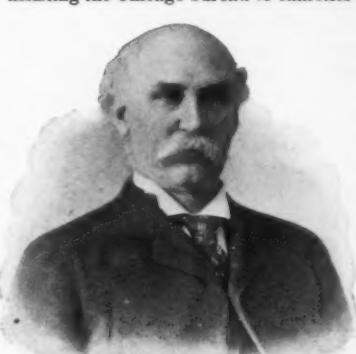


MISS MARY FIELD.

—Mr. Thomas F. McKim is the senior member of the famous representative firm of American architects, Messrs. McKim, Mead & White. The Boston Public Library, and the new Columbia College buildings on the Morningside Heights, New York City, are the most recent of the many notable works of this firm; and in both of these creations Mr. McKim has had the predominant part. The Boston library he regards as his monumental achievement. Macmonnies' "Bacchante," that blithely poetic bit of sculpture which had to thaw its way through Puritanical prejudice before it could be admitted to the classic court it now graces, was originally acquired by Mr. McKim for his own collection. The presentation to the Boston library was an after-thought—and, whatever narrow affectation may say to the contrary, a happy thought, sure to meet with full appreciation in the maturity of time. Mr. McKim, like his two distinguished professional associates, is a thorough classicist in his affinities, education, and work. He received his early training at the École des Beaux Arts, Paris, and in the early part of his career was intimately associated with that great pioneer of Romanesque architecture in America, the late William Richardson. His artistic individuality, however, has developed in its own natural course, the classic and Italian Renaissance, as his works convincingly and admirably show.

—Robert Treat Paine, Boston's millionaire philanthropist, is assisting the Chicago bureau of charities of the civic federation, in its crusade of philanthropy, in aid of the destitute poor of the city. Chicagoans expect great good to result from the movement. Mr. Paine is regarded by many as the best authority in the country on philanthropic and charitable works. Only recently he served on a citizens' committee in Boston in behalf of the striking employes of the West End street railway company. For nearly a quarter of a century he has devoted his entire time to the amelioration of the condition of the poor of Boston. He believes that the four great causes of pauperism and degradation in cities are: Foul homes, intoxicating drink, neglect of children, and indiscriminate alms-giving. He never ceases to preach the doctrine of self-reliance to the needy. Mr. Paine is president of the Wells Memorial Institute of Boston, the largest workingmen's club in the United States. It embraces a loan association, two co-operative banks, and a building association, all in a flourishing condition. Mr. Paine has built over two hundred homes for workingmen in and around Boston, and they have been sold on easy terms. He is a member of most of the charitable organizations of Boston. He is an Episcopalian in religion, but his charity is non-sectarian. In 1887 he gave ten thousand dollars to Harvard College to endow a fellowship for "the study of ethical problems of society, the effects of legislation, governmental and administrative, and private philanthropy to ameliorate the lot of mankind."

In 1890, with his wife, he created and endowed a trust of two hundred thousand dollars called the Robert Treat Paine Fund, establishing several charities. Mr. Paine is sixty-two years old, a Bostonian by birth, and is the grandson of Robert Treat Paine, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. He is a Harvard College man, and by profession a lawyer. Among his class mates at college were the late Bishop Brooks, Alexander Agassiz, Theodore Lyman, and Frank B. Sanborn. Mr. Paine studied law with Richard Henry Davis. After eleven years' active practice he retired with a competence, and since then has devoted himself to philanthropic work. Most of Mr. Paine's fortune, however, was inherited. Mr. Paine resides on Beacon Hill in Boston. In politics he is a Democrat. He has been a member of the Legislature, and was his party's nominee for Congress a few years ago.



ROBERT TREAT PAINE.

—The man on whose arm President Cleveland leaned as he walked on the stage at Carnegie Hall, on the occasion of the semi-centennial celebration of the New York Academy of Medicine, held recently, was his friend and physician, Dr. Joseph D. Bryant, president of the Academy. Thesetwomen met for the first time when Mr. Cleveland was Governor-elect of New York, and Dr. Bryant was made Surgeon-General on his staff. A warm friendship sprang up between them and has continued up to this time. No other man, except perhaps Secretary Lamont, has been so near the President as Dr. Bryant. They have fished together, hunted together, traveled together, and few clouds have darkened the sunshine of Presidential approval in which this faithful physician has continually basked. Dr. Bryant has a charming personality, and is one of the most skillful surgeons of this country.

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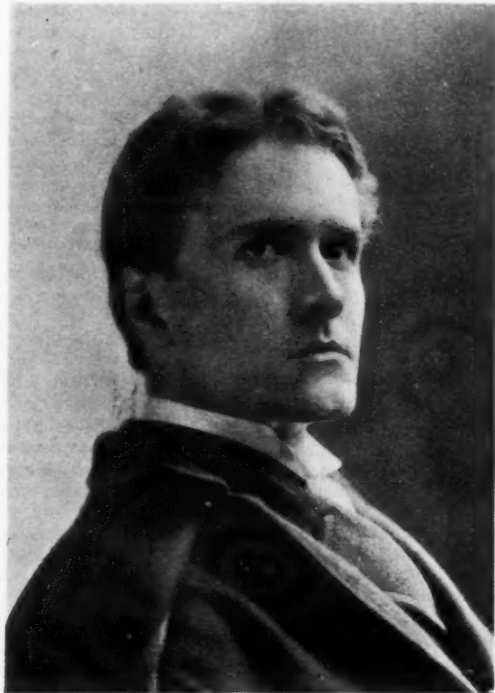
MARGARET MATHER.
Copyright by Aimé Dupont.



MARGARET MATHER AND E. J. HENLEY—SCENE FROM "CYMBELINE"—"IMOGEN'S" BED-CHAMBER
Photograph by Byron.



ADA REHAN AS "BEATRICE."
Copyright, 1897, by Aimé Dupont.



ROBERT TABER.



JULIA MARLOWE AS "BEATRICE."

THE artistic prominence and substantial prosperity of the legitimate drama, this current season, is a cheering sign to real lovers of the theatre. Coincident as it is with the general protest against the extravagances of farce-comedy and vaudeville, it sufficiently vindicates the taste of the American public. Mr. Augustin Daly, who maintains the leading stock company of the United States, and what is probably the best all-around comedy organization in the world, makes a feature every season of at least one production of Shakespeare or the classic English dramatists. This year it is "Much Ado about Nothing." In the performances of this delightful work, which has held the stage at Daly's for several weeks, Ada Rehan as *Beatrice* is the bright particular star. Simultaneously, on the circuit of the cities, Julia Marlowe has successfully played the same part with her own capable company, including Robert Taber as her leading support. Margaret Mather, another American actress who has won her fame first through promise and finally through achievement, has given the most elaborate production of "Cymbeline" ever seen in New York. Her impersonation of *Imogen*—one of the most poetic of Shakespeare's heroines, and undoubtedly the most difficult of portrayal—has met with popular approval, and is regarded by critical authorities as the best thing she has done. Her supporting company includes some sterling actors, notably Mr. E. J. Henley, whose *Iachimo* is deservedly applauded.

The picture below is a "situation" scene from the second act of "Shamus O'Brien," the romantic Irish opera by Messrs. George H. Jessop and C. Villiers Stanford, which is enjoying a brilliant run at the Broadway Theatre.



END OF SECOND ACT OF "SHAMUS O'BRIEN."

THE THEATRES.

A SONG WITHOUT WORDS.

By JOSEPH SEBASTIAN ROGERS.

THERE is a disconsolate air about her as she sits near the window, looking out upon the broad expanse of prairie covered with deep snow.

She is dressed in a tightly fitting traveling suit of gray broadcloth, with a high collar of dark, rough cloth. Her hat is a dainty little make-up of black velvet and graceful feathers. A small cluster of white lace, peeping out from beneath the crown, lends a soft light to her calm countenance and deepens the shade of her dark auburn hair. Her wistful eyes are of such a deep, intense blue that in certain lights they seem almost black.

She has thrown her seal-skin cloak on the seat in front of her, where also rests her satchel and a large box of "Huyler's." By her side lies a novel open-wise; and on the window-sill a bunch of violets.

She is thoughtful, and the dismal landscape she gazes upon serves neither to dampen nor reanimate her spirits, for she sees it not; and it is all one to her whether the train be snow-bound or speeding swiftly on toward its destination. Her mind is filled with other images and impressions. The gay season which Lent had just ended so cruelly—its balls and its theatres, its teas and receptions—these hold her thoughts. Her conquests, her social triumphs—the homage she has won from the men and the envy she has evoked from the women—are the subject of the many pictures that flit before her mind. And the deepest and keenest of all is the thought that now she is leaving all these, homeward bound, where there awaits her—sackcloth and ashes, and fasting and prayer. What a change! She languidly sighs and turns from the window. She picks up the novel, mechanically reads a page, and then begins staring blankly at the last line, for the sound of the "two-step" rings in her ears and the whirl of the dance is before her again.

He boards the train at Helena. As he passes up the aisle he casts a careless glance at the form of the young lady, who, with a dainty handkerchief across her face, had long since fallen asleep. He shrugs his shoulders and passes on to the seat directly in front of his fair slumberer. Here, after the porter has deposited his luggage, he begins to make himself comfortable. He removes his great-coat, hangs his hat on the rack, draws a paper from his pocket, sits down, and begins thinking.

"Well, here I am at last. It will be a deuced long time before I'll see any of the girls of Helena again. I wonder what this one behind me looks like? Not much for beauty, I'll wager; otherwise she wouldn't have covered up her face. Girls are queer creatures anyway. Now, we'll see what the news is."

He stretches himself out in the seat, opens his paper, and begins reading just as the young lady awakes with a start. She snatches the handkerchief from her eyes and looks about her in a half-dazed fashion. Seeing the top of the new-comer's head, she wonders where he came from. Then, consulting her watch:

"Half-past two! Ah, I understand; we must have passed through Helena while I was asleep. How stupid of me! He boarded the train there, I suppose. I wonder what he looks like. Horrid of him to show nothing but the top of his head above the top of that seat. I do know something about palmistry, but phrenology, pshaw! He's keeping mighty still; I wonder if he's gone to sleep. No; there's the corner of a paper. He's reading—reading all about the brutal prize-fight, I'm sure; men are such horrid creatures!"

She picks up the novel and turns the leaves languidly.

He rests the paper on his knee and assumes a listening attitude.

"Humph! awake at last, and reading that yellow-covered literature I saw on the seat by her side. The Duchess, or Sarah Grand! 'Sweet stories, so full of feeling and

pathos,' they say! A great deal better if they'd read cook-books and learn how to fry a piece of meat so a man can eat it. Humph! I asked Miss Millicent the other night how she'd fry a piece of beefsteak, and she shrugged her beautiful white shoulders, looking knowing, and retorted: 'Why, I'd put it in a frying-pan, add a lump of lard almost the size of my *bonbonnière*, and wait until it got done.' Great Scott! think of a beefsteak boiled in lard! And yet this Miss Millicent could tell in a twinkling who was the author of 'Dora Thorne,' mimic 'The Heavenly Twins,' and reel off by the yard quotations from 'Trilby.' I should like to know what this girl looks like, though."

He clasps his hands behind his head.

She lowers the novel and—

"Well, there's an addition. They are right large—nails well kept—gentlemanly instinct. Finger-ends square—determination. Large knuckles—manual labor. Pshaw! how in the world am I to tell anything about him from his nails and his knuckles? How stupid of me to sleep so long!"

She removes her hat and smooths back her hair.

"I look a fright, I'm sure. There, he's stirring!"

She seizes the novel and immediately becomes absorbed.

He sits up. "Tantalizing! I've just got to see what she looks like, that's all there is about it. I'll rise up and take that newspaper from my overcoat pocket."

He rises and, as he reaches for the paper, carelessly looks down the aisle.

She lowers the book and quite unconcernedly looks up.

Their eyes meet for a second; then he sits down.



"She lowers the book and quite unconcernedly looks up."

"Gad! she's as fine as silk!"

"My, isn't he lovely!"

"What a form!"

"How tall, and dark, and manly!"

"Fine color. Wonder if it's natural."

"I would love to know what he is. Those checkered trousers are a little loud."

"She's as cold as an iceberg, though, I'll bet."

"He'll be speaking to me next. I'll have to be very circumspect."

"I wonder if she's well supplied with magazines and periodicals? I have several in my satchel."

"He *does* seem to be so nice, but we can't always tell; men are so deceitful."

"Well, well, I believe I'm going to have a right pleasant trip in spite of the weather. I'm getting devilish hungry, though. I'll just stroll into the dining-car."

"There, he's getting up again. I do believe he's coming back here to offer me that paper. Such impudence!"

He passes down the aisle. "Gad! she looks as haughty as a queen. Do believe she thought I was going to speak to her. Queer creatures, women." And he goes into the dining-car.

She collapses. "Dear me, he didn't speak to me after all. He would have, only I looked so indifferent—that I know. I must be very circumspect. Men will take advantage of the least thing."

The next morning the snow has ceased falling and the sun is shining with great warmth. There is a certain languor on her cheek as she sits across the car waiting for the porter to make up her berth.

He is there, too, looking thoughtfully out of the window.

Breakfast is announced, but he waits until all the other passengers have filed out. When he reaches the dining-car he finds only one vacant place. It is at the same table at which she is sitting. The waiter conducts him to it and he sits down.

"Devilish embarrassing! Sit here like two dumb idiots and look at anything but at each other. I would speak to her, but she seems so confoundedly cold. She could freeze mercury. Propriety! What is propriety, anyway, I'd like to know? Some fool comes along—he may be a blackguard—but he knows both of us, and he says: 'Miss So and So, let me present Mr. So and So?' Then we can talk each other blind with perfect propriety!"

She thinks: "Isn't it terrible! So near me! I'm sure my cheeks are as red as beets! I know I can't eat a thing, and I was so hungry!"

She folds her hands and rests them on the end of the table.

"A lovely hand, by Jove! As slender and white and soft, I warrant, as a fairy's."

She sighs audibly: "If that breakfast would only come! I feel so silly sitting here."

He grows restless: "By gad, I will speak to her—iceberg or no iceberg!"

But at this juncture breakfast is served and his opportunity for the time being is gone.

She sighs and takes up her fork.

He sweetens his coffee and the train plunges on.

He purposely finishes when she does, and together they arise. He holds open the door for her.

She acknowledges the courtesy with a graceful bow and flushed cheek. Her heart is beating strongly when she again reaches the sleeper.

Somehow some subtle something has passed between them, and her cheeks are pale, and the forms and faces of the men she has lately met out have no place in her memory, and the music of the "two-step" no longer rings in her ears.

Their eyes had met across the table and lingered a little longer, perhaps, than 'twas necessary, or—well, and their hands, in reaching for the salt-cellar, had touched. What a thrill!

He doesn't try to analyze his feelings, but goes into the smoker and lights a cigar.

When he again enters the sleeper his eyes fall upon her great mass of auburn hair as she reclines with her hat off; and then as he comes up the aisle he notices the softness of her cheeks, the slender hand upon the white temple, the graceful form, and it seems to him for one instant that he has a right to go to her and speak. But he passes on and takes his seat. And she, sitting there waiting for him to

come, feels her senses reel when she hears the sound of his foot-steps; and as he passes, the fragrance of the cigar-smoke that lingers about a man's person comes to her and she closes her eyes, overcome with a variety of delightful emotions.

He sits with his face half turned toward her, looking out of the window.

"She's a fine creature—fine creature! I don't believe she's so cold, after all. I wonder what she thinks of me, anyway? I need a shave like anything (rubbing his chin); look like a wild man. I guess I'll just look over that magazine in my grip, and then it will be the most natural thing in the world for me to hand it to her."

She thinks (sighing): "He certainly is interesting. I wonder if he talks well? Such an air of the world about him! I like that. He's no innocent. A man with a history, I'm sure. He's about as indifferent as I am, though. Ah, reading a magazine! Let's see (leaning slightly forward); why, this month's *Century*. I have it in my satchel. I'll just get it out. He might think I'm behind the times."

He thinks: "Well, I've looked through it, but I don't know anything I've read (clearing his throat). Well, I'll offer it to her; here goes. Gad! she's reading the same number! That's no go; I'm done up on that round." (Throws the magazine down on the seat in front of him and softly whistles to himself a selection from "Faust.")

She thinks: "He turned all the way around and was smiling. I do believe he was going to say something! Wonder what made him change his mind? These magazines are so stupid!" (Throws it down.)

That night they change at Chicago. He had been in hopes that he might be of assistance to her in making the change, but the omnipresent porter was there, who sees to all her luggage. The sleeper is crowded and they are separated by the length of the car.

The next day they have only occasional glimpses of one another. Once their eyes meet, and again the rich color spreads over her face as she diverts her glance.

He laughs softly to himself as he strokes his black mustache.

"Ah, well, some fate seems to keep us apart."

He has found out from the porter that she is going to Washington, and she has caught sight of his ticket, marked New York.

They are in the dining-car—he at one end, she midway up, facing each other. They are stealing furtive glances at one another.

"She's a fine creature, fine creature, and in a few hours she'll be gone. That's the world! (Sighing.)

"How many meet who never yet have met,
To part too soon, but never to forget."

She thinks: "Harrisburg. We reach there at 4:30. He goes to New York and I'll never know who he is."

He thinks: "Just to think! All this time together and never a word. Her iceberg coldness, though, is to blame."

She sighs: "My appetite's gone."

He gets up. "Well, that's all I can do for the internal man."

They go into the sleeper.

She sits down and looks gloomily out of the window.

He, at the other end of the car, looks at her.

"It's just a shame that I can't know him and talk to him."

"If love were all—I wonder if he has read that sweet story, 'The Prisoner of Zenda'?" She half closes her eyes and muses:

"If love were all! If love were all! Oh, if it only were!" She suddenly sits erect and clasps her hands.

He thinks: "I'll never see her again—and yet perhaps I will. This world is very small."

She thinks: "I wonder what he's thinking about? I'm sure he's looking at me."

He thinks: "Pity she hasn't some fresh violets; those are dead."

She thinks: "I'll just throw these dead things out of the window. There! And Alex Vaughn gave them to me. How nice I thought him, and yet I've scarcely given him a thought for two days! And here's this Huyler box. Candy all gone. McKenzie *did* look sad when he gave it to me, as he told me good-bye at the depot. Well, I'll throw that out of the window. There! Now I'll steal a glance at him. Ah, writing a telegram, and the porter waiting for it. I wonder what it is? There, he's signing his name. I wish I could see it. I might ask the porter to let me see his name. But, no; that wouldn't do. Positively, I am getting as weak as water!"

He hands telegram to the porter.

"Ha! Now we'll have a little surprise-party, my lady. I guess she thinks I'm a milkop. This will give her a little better opinion of me, however."

Lays back his head and closes his eyes.

She steals a glance at him.

"Going to take a nap, or posing for my benefit. Certainly has a fine face. Such a lovely high forehead and well-shaped nose and mouth and chin! Oh, he's sweet!"

"She's looking at me now, I'll wager my life. Look ahead! You won't see me much longer. Wonder if she is really looking at me? I'll just wake up suddenly."

She blushes and turns her head. "Goodness! he caught me that time. I know I'm blushing fearfully. I really must be more circumspect."

He closes his eyes again and laughs softly to himself. "Ha, my lady, I caught you that time! Gad! I believe it's more pleasant to feign sleep and have a beautiful woman admire your physiognomy than to sleep and dream about beautiful women. I still feel her eyes upon me. I'll wake up suddenly again." He opens his eyes. She is, however, looking out of the window.

"Bah! that was my Waterloo."

He gets up and goes into the smoker.

The train pulls into Harrisburg. He is the first to leave the train. As he passes out he glances back at her. But she resolutely keeps her head bent as she gets her traps together.

He lingers a moment, then moves on and boards the New York express.

She soon quits the car and is installed in the Washington train.

The bell sounds and her train begins to move. Just at that

instant a depot porter comes rushing through the car. In his hands he holds a magnificent bunch of La France roses. He catches sight of the young lady in gray, dashes up to her, thrusts the flowers in her hand, and, pointing through the window, rushes out.

Mystified, she holds the flowers at arms-length; then, following the gesture of the porter, she looks out the window.

Just opposite her is another train, moving slowly out from the depot. On the back platform stands her fellow-traveler.

Their eyes meet. He smiles slightly and, raising his gloved hand, doffs his silk cap.

She smiles a quick, nervous smile, blushes, and bows to him. Then she buries her crimson face in the flowers.

"Oh, wasn't it awful! I must be more circumspect." And as the trains diverge wider and wider apart he stands there, his eyes fixed upon the window until all semblance of the fair one is lost.

Then, going into the smoker, he lights a cigar. "Well, my iceberg did melt, after all. Girls are queer creatures."

Tower-Song.



Up in the Tower of the Winds I dwell,
And the four winds play about;
Each wind weaving its potent spell,
Weaving within—without.
For the winds blow east and the
winds blow west,
And the winds blow north and
south;
They may bring me toil, they may
bring me rest,
Or a kiss from my lady's
mouth.

Up in the Tower of the Winds dwell I,
And I listen to all they tell;
I hear them laugh and I hear them
sigh,
And I hear them ringing a knell.
For the winds blow north and the
winds blow east,
And the winds blow south and
west,
And they whisper the name that
I speak the least
And the name that I love the
best.

Hearken, now, from my window,
friend:
They are talking around—below.
If that weird tongue you could com-
prehend
My secrets you soon might know.
For the winds blow south and the
winds blow west,
And the winds blow north and
east,

And they bring the voice of an absent guest
To be with us at our feast.

Then where is a home like the four winds' tower,
To live in the world's despite?

'Tis here, uncurbed, we shall rule each hour.

We are men—we'll be boys to-night.

From the south and the north come winds with speed,

From the west and east blow strong;

Ye shall raise the chorus our voices need,

To the Tower of the Four Winds' song.

DUFFIELD OSBORNE.

The Epidemic of Incendiarism.

THAT class of New-Yorkers who are constantly finding fault with the workings of our local governmental system and the laxity of the authorities in dealing with the evils that abound may at least find a grain of comfort in the energetic suppression of one of the worst scourges to which any community has ever been exposed—the epidemic of incendiarism that has terrorized the most populous quarters of Greater New York for over five years.

In many another centre of this country the frequent recurrence of this form of crime would have led to riot and bloodshed on a large scale. On account of crime of a far less heinous nature New Orleans "arose in her might," not many years ago, with disastrous results to a large number of malefactors;



MR. VERNON DAVIS, ASSISTANT DISTRICT-ATTORNEY.

while Cincinnati once reveled in a carnival of blood for three days and nights in an effort by her citizens to avenge the murder of a single victim of the assassin's pistol. New-Yorkers have, therefore, every reason to congratulate themselves that an organization far more dangerous to the public weal than any Mafia or Molly Maguire gang, because far more cunning and unscrupulous, should have been run to earth without an open outbreak of popular fury. It is a credit to our civilization that this should be so, but it is also a credit to the fearlessness and industry of our law officers whose tireless efforts have brought about the desired result.

It would be hard to find a parallel to the story of organized Polish Jewish incendiarism in New York and Brooklyn. The business of burning down tenement-houses teeming with human lives, and well-stocked commercial buildings and factories, for the sake of insurance money assumed such proportions at one time, and was conducted with such impunity, that the miscreants actually lost all consciousness of its criminality and of their own danger. They would discuss their undertakings on the public thoroughfares, haggling and bargaining over each man's share in the financial yield of a forthcoming "job," involving the lives of perhaps a hundred fellow-beings; and when the discussion degenerated into open hostility, epithets and accusations would be indulged in in the presence of bystanders, regardless of the dictates of prudence. The thirst for gain of these wretches increased with their success. Orthodox Jews of strictly Talmudic training, they so far forgot the tenets of their faith as to include co-religionists among their victims. As long as it was a case of collecting a few hundred dollars of insurance money the whole tenement would have to go up in a blaze, regardless of whom and how many it might shelter.

However, while rendered reckless in their language by prolonged impunity, these wretches were still cunning enough to cover up their tracks in such a manner as to elude for a long while all efforts at their capture. Fires of a suspicious nature were of daily and nightly occurrence all over the East Side, but in most cases the investigations of the police proved fruitless on account of the unwillingness of those who knew some of the facts to come to the aid of the authorities. But American intelligence and energy combined won in the end against Oriental cunning and strategy, and, thanks to the ceaseless endeavors of Fire-Marshal James Mitchell and Assistant District-Attorney Vernon Davis, the leaders of the various gangs are now behind the bars, serving terms of imprisonment ranging from seven years to life. Organized incendiarism may therefore be considered a thing of the past; the new cases of arson occurring from day to day are purely sporadic.

Although Mr. Davis has been securing convictions of firebugs since 1892, it was not until three years ago that he was able to get at the bottom of the conspiracy itself. The first inkling of a general organization of the Oriental firebug fraternity was obtained early in 1894, when information reached the fire marshal's bureau, tending to cast suspicion on certain so-called fire adjusters (that is, persons who act as intermediaries between the insured losers by fire and the insurance companies). These men, who might be considered the heads of the whole movement, were Samuel Milch, Max Grauer, and Adolph Hirschkopf, to whom may be added the two Isaacs, father and son, who, although not directly connected with the first named, were guilty of many acts of incendiarism on their own account. Milch, Grauer, or Hirschkopf popped up on all occasions as adjusters, in cases where the origin of the fire had given rise to suspicions of incendiarism, and the conclusion finally forced itself upon the authorities that they were themselves engaged in originating these fires. Working on this line, the fire marshal and Mr. Davis placed a close watch on the movements of the trio, with the following result: It was learned that these adjusters first secured as high an insurance as possible for the merchant willing to enter upon their scheme, after which they turned over the actual job of preparation to a gang of men known as "mechanics," and when these had finished, they applied for the insurance money, which was then divided among the various parties to the contract. The three adjusters, although rivals in business, employed the same mechanics as a rule. Their quarrels between themselves arose from the fact that the one would often trespass upon the grounds of the other. If Milch secured an insurance policy for one of his prospective clients, Hirschkopf would jump in afterward and "swipe" the order to organize the fire. Such tactics were calculated to engender much ill-feeling among these worthies, and it is, in fact, to this cause that may be attributed the eventual success of the authorities in running the gang to earth.

Using those mutual jealousies as a lever, Mr. Vernon Davis succeeded in obtaining direct evidence of guilt against some of the members, and by allowing the least guilty to turn State's evidence, he finally "corralled" all the leaders. The daily press has already surfeited the reader with the details of the criminal proceedings instituted against these wretches, hence it would be superfluous to dilate on this phase of the question here.

The illustrations on an accompanying page afford a good idea, both of the type of criminal engaged in these most abominable crimes, and also of their customary *modus operandi*. Various combustibles were employed, it seems, according to the result required. To produce a mere blaze that would only singe or damage the stock without endangering the premises, plain alcohol was used. The same could be sprinkled over the goods and ignited without danger to the operator. Kerosene was brought into play when a larger conflagration was desirable, but it had many disadvantages, and sometimes proved untrustworthy, so that Zucker, the master-mechanic of the organization, finally decided to make a combination of his own that would fulfill all the requirements.

The mixture which he has used in all his more recent fires is supposed to contain naphtha and benzine, the ignition of which produces a concussion, followed by a big blaze. It did very effective work in Louis Gordon's shirt-factory in Walker Street, and the *modus operandi* was somewhat as shown in the lower half of our illustration. It will be seen that one of the gang is crouched at the foot of a pillar, around which a fabric is fastened. This fabric extends to the stock on the floor above, and is thoroughly soaked with the combustible mixture. Of the three personages in the picture, the one in the extreme background is

the "mechanic." He has been handling the mixture, and consequently keeps away from the lighted taper which the woman, who has been acting as watcher, is handing to the bent figure. The latter is the proprietor of the store, who, by the terms of the understanding, starts the fire by lighting a candle placed amid some remnants at the foot of the pillar. The candle has been whittled to burn down within a given space of time.

These criminals had, of course, other methods of starting their fires. A favorite scheme was to place a candle in a box of oil and leave it to burn down; another was to spring a leak in a gas-meter. The preparation of the fire required experience, especially the proper distribution of the combustible, and an expert "mechanic" could, therefore, always reckon on a goodly share of the booty.

Such, in brief outline, is the story of Greater New York's firebugs. Principals, adjusters, and mechanics, they have numbered many hundreds (a fresh nest of them has just been brought to light in Brooklyn), and although, as stated above, the backbone of the organization has been broken, the scattered remnants will probably occupy the police and the law courts for many years to come.

V. G.

Marion Crawford as a Playwright.

MARION CRAWFORD is probably the most widely read of our American novelists. This does not say he is the best, but merely that his books, several of which have been translated into foreign languages, reach a greater number of people than the novels of any other contemporary American writer.

This long-continued success in the field of romance has, not unnaturally, given Mr. Crawford unbounded confidence in his ability to entertain the public, and, after having long held their interest with his books, he was ambitious to reap new laurels as a playwright. This, he argued, was easy. Take, for instance, his novel, "Dr. Claudius." How could that fail to thrill an audience if it were dramatized?

So, when Mr. Crawford was approached by Mr. Harry St. Maur with the suggestion that they should prepare the novel for the stage together, the author assented with enthusiasm. He said he was particularly glad to secure Mr. St. Maur's collaboration, as that gentleman—an actor—could supply the technical knowledge in which he, Mr. Crawford, was deficient. A manager was found who, on the strength of Mr. Crawford's reputation, advanced a generous sum on account of royalties, and the play went into rehearsal. E. M. and Joseph Holland, two actors of approved ability, were intrusted with the leading parts, and no money or pains were spared to make the production worthy of its distinguished author's reputation. There were, to be sure, a few hitches at rehearsal. People who saw the rehearsals whispered in an undertone that it was "rotten," which in theatrical parlance means very poor, and another trustworthy witness reported that Joseph Holland daily wept tears over his part. All this was ominous.

"Dr. Claudius," the play, was produced at the Fifth Avenue Theatre last Monday week, and in spite of capable actors, fine scenery, and a friendly audience, scored what is usually known as a decided "frost." The newspapers "roasted" the piece with unanimity and in a fashion that has rarely been equaled.

But Mr. Crawford was not discouraged, or even disturbed, by

dress rehearsal than it did on the first night. I am not discouraged—not at all—and I propose (I hope Mr. Crawford said purpose) to go straight ahead with the new plays that I am writing or have planned. I am determined to gain a place as a playwright."

Such perseverance and self-confidence as this, in face of the result attendant on the first experiment, is most praiseworthy. Mr. Crawford complains that his literary critics have declared him "a man of one book." He is determined that the dramatic critics shall not follow suit and pronounce him "a man of one play."

A. H.

Mrs. Bradley Martin's Ball.



FANCY-DRESS ball given by Mrs. Bradley Martin at the Waldorf Hotel on the evening of February 10th was the greatest social function in the history of New York. For a month previous to the appointed day the ball was the chief subject of discussion, and interest in it was by no means confined to New York. Indeed, the other great cities were represented by guests, and the happenings at the ball were described and telegraphed even as far as San Francisco. Dr. Rainsford's attack on this great festival may have stirred up some hard feelings, and it certainly provoked great discussion, but it

is safe to say that no one was deterred from going on account of this clerical disapproval.

Preparations for costumes were in order more than a month before. The costumers were driven to desperation by the sudden demands made upon them; the wig-makers had to go out of town for their supply, and for a time it was rumored that the most serious trouble would be in procuring silk stockings to supply or match the costumes of the courtiers of the historic kings.

But all these disturbances are over now, for the wonderful ball went off with all the *éclat* and magnificence which Mrs. Bradley Martin desired. Her social rating has been lifted a peg. With her only daughter married to an English earl, she has quite reached the top notch.

Within the history of New York society there have been four other fancy-dress balls, each of which was intended to eclipse the other. First was that of Madame Brugiere's, in Bowling Green, in 1822; then one given by Mrs. Brevoort, in Great Jones Street, in 1840; then the Lee ball, in College Place, somewhat later; and then the Vanderbilt ball, given in honor of Lady Mandeville (now the Duchess of Manchester), in 1883.

The Vanderbilt ball was given by Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt, with the view of establishing her social sway in New York. She was just rising at that time, but with this she reached her zenith. Mrs. Bradley Martin was there in a gorgeous costume of Mary Stuart, and noticed what Mrs. Vanderbilt had done. From that time on, it is said, she cherished the idea of outdoing Mrs. Vanderbilt. The latter lady appeared at this ball as a guest, and with a new husband and a new name.

It was not Mrs. Bradley Martin's original idea to rent the Waldorf for her ball, but to secure a private house large enough to accommodate her guests, as her own house, at No. 22 West Twentieth Street, was not ample for so great a crush. Finding no residence large enough, it is said she next decided upon the novel idea of erecting a crystal palace, like that in Sydenham, London. This fell through because there was no architect who would contract to build it in the allotted time. The only resort was the Waldorf, which is already famous because of its scenes of this kind.

At ten o'clock the carriages began to arrive, and soon passage on Fifth Avenue and Thirty-third Street was almost entirely obstructed. The great mob of the uninvited, impelled by curiosity, flocked in both streets long before this, and the proverbial newsboy was there, too, with his "extra" of "All about the ball!" before it had begun. The crowd was most orderly, however, and, with the exception of the usual commotion excited by such huge affairs, there was no need of police.

First entering the Boldt apartments in the Waldorf, the guests passed to the second floor, where fifteen of the best rooms were used for dressing-rooms; and where maids in fancy costume attended to their needs. After leaving the dressing-rooms the guests passed down the large stairway

to the Louis Seize ball-room, where Mrs. Bradley Martin, with a retinue of assistants, stood to receive them. As the guests entered, a lackey announced the name of each, also the costume worn.

For the occasion, the usual ball-room of the hotel was turned into a veritable French salon, and was retained exclusively as a

reception-room. The floral decorations here were not studied. Numerous palms, potted flowers, and vases were placed about, but the most beautiful and effective of all were the thousands of pink roses which were thrown in great bunches, carelessly, in every hanging fold of drapery.

The ball proper took place in the new ball-room, which is a marvel of mirrors and white and gold. This was turned into a dainty dancing-place. Nothing could have been more beautiful than the tasteful arrangement of the flowers. In all the decorations the most delicate and exquisite outlines were carried out. At the north end of the ball-room, where the whole side is built of long mirrors, were hung curtains of dainty green asparagus, almost covering them, and over these were draped solid garlands of mauve orchids. Of these orchids, which are the *Cattleya trina* variety, and the most beautiful, there must have been over two thousand. The other side of the room, which had its reflection in the mirrors across, was carried out in Florida smilax and pink roses. These were hung profusely over the music-balcony and architecture. Only these two flowers and greens were used in the whole ball-room decoration. Upon the supper tables, of which one hundred and twenty-five were used in the large dining-room, the sole decorations were large vases of long-stemmed American Beauty roses. For continuous refreshment-rooms, the men's café and palm-garden were used.

As soon as the principal guests had assembled, the grand *quadrille d'honneur* was formed by Mrs. Astor. In this danced Mesdames Bradley Martin, Stuyvesant Fish, J. F. D. Lanier, and Miss Gerry; Messrs. Lloyd Brice, J. J. Van Alen, Lisenard Stewart, and Frederick Townsend Martin. There was no uniformity of costume in this quadrille; however, there was a strong suggestion of the time of the French kings.

In Mrs. Baylies's dance, which was another of the same period, were Mesdames Ogden Mills, Henry Sloane, Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., John Jacob Astor, Misses Blight and Morton; Count Sierstorff, Messrs. Craig Wadsworth, Frederick Watriss, Alfonso de Navarro, and Robert Van Courtlandt. The costuming bespoke all the extravagances of the times of Louis XV. and Louis XVI., the ladies wearing the exaggerated and voluminous skirts, the gentlemen the effective dress of satin and lace, and all wearing white wigs or powdered hair.

The dance of the "Incrovables," in charge of Mrs. Ogden Mills, was composed of Mrs. Victor Sorchant, Misses Edith Sands and Edith Wetmore, Messrs. J. D. R. Lanier, F. Delano Weeks, Victor Cochran, and Schieffelin Stebbins. In costuming, the quaint and becoming *Directoire* period was carried out. Pink was the prevailing color of the ladies' gowns, a touch of which was added to those of the gentlemen. While Mrs. Sorchant's, Miss Wetmore's, and Mr. Cochran's costumes were not wholly *Incrovable* in design, the same period was carried out.

Quite the most attractive of all was the old Viennese dance, called the "Kormagyar," drilled by Mrs. Theodore Bronson. This was danced by the young *débutantes* of this and last season and the eligible beaux. The "Kormagyar" has been danced in America but once or twice before, and while it resembles the old-style minuet, the manœuvres are decidedly more difficult and required no end of practice before the ball actually took place. The costuming was styled after the days of Louis Quinze. In this dance were Misses Morton, Bronson, Van Alen, Brooke, Churchill, and Sloane; Messrs. Searle Barclay, H. D. Robbins, Robert Livingstone, Worthington Whitehouse, Munson Morris, and J. de W. Cutting.

Mrs. Bradley Martin insisted that the ball should be historic, so no merely fancy costumes were worn. Almost every one present favored the court-dress of the fifteenth, sixteenth, or seventeenth centuries, and especially those under the French reign. There were a number of English court costumes; also heroes and heroines of Shakespeare were *en évidence*; while, likewise, the Puritans were not quite left out in the cold.

Among the most magnificent and showy costumes were those of Mrs. John Jacob Astor, as a lady of the time of Louis XVI.; Mrs. Herbert Pell, as Catherine of Russia; Mrs. Pierre Lorillard, Jr., as Juliet; Mrs. Sidney Smith, as Joan of Arc; Mrs. S. V. R. Cruger, as a French court dress; Mrs. Orme Wilson, as a Venetian lady; Mrs. Burke-Roche, an English court dress; and Mrs. T. Suffern Tailor, as one of the beautiful women painted by Gainsborough. Of Marie Antoinettes there was an appalling number. Marie Stuart followed closely behind. Among the Marie Antoinettes were Mesdames James Kernochan, Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., Oakley Rhinelander, Misses Helen Brice and Katherine Duer. All of these were designed after the famous painting of Madame Le Brun. Among the Mary Stuarts were Mrs. Astor, Mrs. Lloyd Brice, and Mrs. T. Bronson. Mrs. Bradley Martin appeared in a French gown; Mrs. Frederic Edey, as a portrait by Sir Joshua Reynolds; Miss Elsie De Wolf, as Gismonda; Mrs. Charles B. Alexander, as a Venetian lady. Miss Edith D. Clapp was a Countess of Devonshire, while Misses Dorothy and Constance Schieffelin selected Pompadour gowns. Miss Virginia Fair came as a lady of the *Directoire* period, and her sister, Mrs. Herman Oelrichs, as a Dutch noblewoman.

The men were not behind in elegance, though of course in beauty they scarcely counted in the competition. Mr. Bradley Martin appeared as Louis XV.; Goodhue Livingston, as Charles II.; Henry Sands, as a papal nuncio; James Breese, as the Duc de Guise; H. W. Bull and F. C. Bishop, as Henry III.; Herman Oelrichs, as a Dutch burgomaster; A. H. and J. W. Barney, as Francis I.; Langdon Erving, as an Italian nobleman; Frederick Martin, brother of Bradley Martin, as Louis XVI., as also did J. T. Oakley Rhinelander; Worthington Whitehouse, as an Italian nobleman of the sixteenth century; Elisha Dyer, Jr., as Louis XIV.; while Alfonso de Navarro, Oliver Harriman, Jr., Sidney Dillon Ripley, Theodore Frelinghuysen, Harold Brown, E. N. Tailor, and Stanley Mortimer all went in Louis XV. court dress. Lisenard Stewart came as Louis XIII.; T. F. Cushing, as Charles IX.; J. J. Astor, as Louis XVI., and W. W. Sherman as a seventeenth-century German gentleman. Those who chose the costume of Cardinal Richelieu were Messrs. Reginald Jaffray, Richard Peters, and Peter Marie. H. H. Harjes went as Henry III.; George Blagden, as a Colonial gentleman; James Gerard, as a Mediaeval warrior; Julian Story, as a cavalier of Louis XIII.; Thomas F. Cushing, as a gentleman of the Charles IX. epoch; and William H. Duer selected a dress of the day of Louis XVI.

M. J.



MR. MARION CRAWFORD.

such trifles as these. To an interviewer who saw him after the accident, he said: "It is an undeniable fact that the critics did not take kindly to 'Dr. Claudius,' but it is my honest opinion that the public liked it. After a few changes have been made and the play runs smoothly, I am satisfied that it will prove pleasing to theatre-goers. The play went much better at the



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MRS. BRADLEY MARTIN'S FAMOU

[SEE ARTICLE ON PAGE 1]



S FAMOUS FANCY-DRESS BALL.



HERMANN HELMS.



EDWARD HYMES.



EUGENE DELMAR, NEW YORK.



F. M. TEED.



H. N. PILLSBURY, BROOKLYN.



A. B. HODGES, NEW YORK.



J. F. BARRY, BOSTON.



D. G. BAIRD, NEW YORK.



SIR GEORGE NEWNES INTERNATIONAL CHALLENGE CHESS TROPHY.

International Cable Chess-match.

TEN games of chess, played by English and American experts, the Englishmen at the Hotel Cecil, Strand, London, the Americans at the Academy of Music, Brooklyn, messages containing the moves passing from one place to the other over three thousand five hundred miles of cable and land wires, will be the feature of the international chess-match for the Sir George Newnes Anglo-American chess trophy, between Great Britain and the United States, on February 12th and 13th, 1897.

Games will be commenced at 10 A. M., New York time (3 P. M., London time), on Friday, February 12th, an adjournment taken at 7 P. M. (midnight, London time), the match being continued on Saturday at 10 A. M., and all games unfinished at 6.30 P. M., New York time, will be adjudicated by the champion, Emanuel Lasker.

The American team will be Harry N. Pillsbury, Hermann Helms, and F. M. Teed, Brooklyn; Jackson W. Showalter, United States champion, Kentucky; Eugene Delmar, A. B. Hodges, D. Graham Baird, New York; C. F. Burille, John F. Barry, Boston, and Edward Hymes, New York. These gentlemen are the acknowledged strongest native players of this country. The British team has not been named, but it is stated that it will contain many of the men who played in the last match. It will be selected from the following list: J. H. Blackburne, H. E. Bird, Samuel Tinsley, D. Y. Mills, champion of Scotland; H. E. Atkins, J. H. Blake, Amos Burn, Wordsworth Donisthorp, E. M. Jackson, E. O. Jones, G. Bellingham, C. C. Lawrence, H. W. Trenchard, Herbert Jacobs, H. H. Cole, and the Irish expert, Harvey. A tournament has been in progress at the British chess-club to decide who shall play.

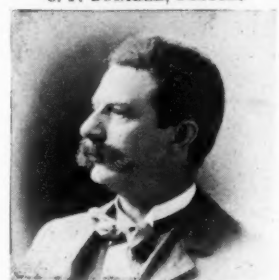
The Brooklyn Chess Club has charge of the arrangements in this country; in England the British Chess Club is managing the match.

The umpire for the British Chess Club at the Brooklyn hall will be Professor Isaac L. Rice, of New York. Brooklyn will be represented in London by Leopold Hoffer. The referee of the match will be Baron Albert de Rothschild, the famous banker of Vienna.

Two other matches have been played by cable between England and the United States. The first was between the British Chess Club and the Manhattan Chess Club, of New York, in 1895, which was merely a club affair; ten games were commenced, but owing to lack of time the match was stopped before a decision was reached, in a majority of the games, and both clubs agreed to call it a draw. The second match was played last March, between the Brooklyn and British chess clubs, for the Newnes trophy, and was a national contest, limited to natives of the two countries. There were eight men on each team. The American team won, the score being: United States, four and one-half; Great Britain, three and one-half games.



C. F. BURILLE, BOSTON.



J. W. SHOWALTER, KENTUCKY.

Among the Maoris.

"THE name is Mow-ree, the 'mow' being pronounced as in bay-mow. Englishmen Americans and who have never been down this way pronounce Maori—may-o-ry. In the language of the New-Zealander the word means native or indigenous."

This is what my good friend, Captain Carey, of the steamship *Monowai*, said to me on the way down from the Navigator Islands to Auckland, New Zealand.

Thanks to friends in America and Hawaii, I had letters to Sir George Grey and other gentlemen of prominence in Australasia. Sir George Grey, now eighty-six years of age and retired, is the Nestor of English colonial governors. His

philosophizing on the ruins of London Bridge might be no fierce, tattooed Maori, but the finest product of the human race.

"Go to the geysers first; there you will find guides and horses to take you into the King Country."

This was Sir George Grey's advice, and I followed it. A day's travel from Auckland, by rail and stage, took me to the famous land of the hot springs, and over the glorious white and pink terraces, lately almost ruined by an earthquake.

A tall young Maori, dressed like a European, looking like one of the Navajo Indians whom I had seen in America a few months before, and bearing the Gaelic name, Donald McLean, was awaiting me at the Springs Hotel with two good mounts. The guide knew English and was able to read and write. A majority of

that land. The country was rolling and in places well wooded. The uplands were purple with the odorous wild violet, and many of the valleys looked as if filled with snow-drifts, so white were they with giant calla-lilies. The forests were full of deer, the streams were alive with imported rainbow trout, and flocks of English pheasants whirled before us from the undergrowth.

Blue smoke-pillars, rising here and there to the west, told of our approach to the Maori settlements. We saw great herds of cattle and droves of thick-fleeced sheep attended by tall, brown men in smock-frocks, who raised their broad-brimmed hats to the stranger, and shouted, in the liquid Maori tongue, salutations to Donald McLean.

We put up that night at the farm-house of a head-man named Ngatu. The stable and accommodations were such as could be found on the average Arkansas plantation. Bread, meat, fish, vegetables, tea and milk, with wild honey, all well served, formed our supper, and our beds were good and clean. That night Ngatu read the Maori Bible and said prayers, his wife, two sons and one daughter singing a hymn to the tune of "Jesus, Lover of my Soul."

Early the next morning I heard glad shouts and laughter, and looking out the window—nearly all the houses are of one story and built of stone—I saw a crowd of young people who,



MAORI GIRL IN LAKE TAUPO.

many friends, and not a few opponents, regard him as the ablest man south of the equator. Sir George was for many years Governor of New Zealand. In two great campaigns—campaigns that put to the test the valor of the best English soldiers—Sir George subdued the warlike Maoris and then granted them such honorable terms that they now call him "father." Sir George has written a Maori grammar and lexicon, and his translations of the ballads and traditions of this remarkable people are regarded by scholars as a most valuable contribution to folklore.

Even if, through the courtesy of Sir George Grey, I had not been guaranteed a welcome to "The King Country," as the great Maori reservation of fifteen thousand square miles in the North Island is called, my meeting with him would have fully compensated me for my trip to that loveliest of antipodean cities, Auckland.

It requires self-restraint to resist the temptation to write at length of New Zealand. It is not to be wondered at that it has produced the noblest race of savages in the world, nor does it require prophetic gifts to foresee that Macaulay's New-Zealander



HALF-CIVILIZED MAORIS.

the Maoris keep to their native tongue, and their school-books are in that language.

The Maori alphabet has only fourteen letters, A, E, H, S, K, M, N, O, P, R, T, U, W, and Ng. The vocabulary is full and rich, the grammar surprisingly regular in its five declensions and the construction of the verb; and I was told that children could learn to read in a few weeks.

It is a day's ride from the springs to the first settlements of the King Country. It was mid-September and early spring in



MAORI FAMILY IN THE BATH.

McLean told me, had come to see the stranger. I never saw so many fine bronze faces, nor so many graceful figures, though the women struck me as being very much smaller than the tall, lithe young men.

McLean pointed out a number of half-breeds among the crowd, and he told me, what I had noticed in America and in other parts of Polynesia, that the half-breeds are mostly women. Up to this time I was under the impression that the young women of Repola, particularly back from the coast, had the finest

forms I had ever seen, but the Maori half-breeds, in face, form, and expression, stood unsurpassed. No stays bound them, no cramping high-heels confined their dainty feet. Some had red flowers amid the thick coils of their blue-black hair. The lips were red and full, the eyes lustrous and brown, the hands small and tapering, and the teeth white, but as a rule irregular.

The married women carry their children slung to their backs, as do our Indian squaws, and it may be said that the Maori woman, like the squaw, bears more than her share of the labor burden.

It would take a volume, instead of a few paragraphs, to describe the week spent among these people. I found everywhere a welcome, and I saw no poverty or suffering. The Maoris live in villages, and have their own schools and churches. They are learning the white man's mode of life, and it is to be feared, his greed for money. They are good farmers and herders, and they own two hundred sailing coasters. They have their own doctors, preachers, and lawyers, and have a representation of four members in the New Zealand Parliament.

It is encouraging to learn that the Maoris are now increasing. The civilization that should destroy such a noble race might well be questioned. ALFRED R. CALHOUN.

Colonel J. H. Mapleson, Impresario.

THE universally acknowledged *doyen* of operatic impresarios has a record of forty years' professional public service behind him. He has given no less than eight thousand five hundred performances of opera, to say nothing of some three thousand concerts; and has thereby associated his name with those of the great majority of leading singers, composers, and conductors of two generations. Colonel Mapleson's career has been illuminated by a greater proportionate number of successful operations and popular artistic triumphs than falls to the lot of most lyric soldiers. These triumphs—at least, so far as his American campaigns are concerned—are best known to our veterans of twenty or twenty-five seasons, who can remember the palmy days of the old Academy of Music, with Campanini, Nilsson, Gerster, Galassi, Del Puente, and Minnie Hauk, all in glorious conjunction, and "Aida" and "Carmen" as the latest novelties. Arditi was conductor, and orchestra and chorus alike, to say nothing of the *corps de ballet*, were kept thoroughly up to their work. In short, it was an Italian-opera *ensemble* such as the artistic capitals of Europe demand and maintain, but such as we have not had here since the Mapleson régime, whatever may have preceded it. The public's participation in these events was not less brilliant. Who can recall without a sigh of pleasure mixed with regret, the splendid "horseshoe" of the Academy, with the beauty, fashion and wealth of New York in full array in its boxes, while Campanini as *Don José*, or Gerster as *Amina*, came before the curtain a dozen times in response to the *bravas* of the parquet and the Olympic thunders of a crowded gallery? In those days the spectre of a financial deficit did not hover around the opera. The best seats cost but three dollars, and the boxes thirty; yet the management prospered. Why? Because the enterprise was conducted by a real operatic impresario for music-lovers, and not run by speculative plungers on the plan of a deal or corner in the stock market.

Colonel Mapleson knew where to look for fresh talent, and was able to recognize it when he saw or heard it. He engaged voices, not reputations, and at reasonable salaries, which were paid. Jean de Reszké himself sang for Mapleson, twenty-five or thirty years ago, at a great deal less than one thousand dollars a night; and Campanini never reached that figure until Mr. Abbey wanted to tempt him away to the new Metropolitan Opera House.

Of course Mr. Abbey got Campanini, and Patti, and all the other celebrities in sight, regardless of expense to the directors, or the normal balance of prices paid to artists. The result of this system is that to-day a seat at the Metropolitan Opera House costs seven dollars, and a box—reckoning all the expenses and deficits of the season—a hundred dollars for each performance. This exaggerated scale is ruinous all around. It is too steep for the general public, and the manager cannot make any money. Each of the de Reszkés receives two thousand dollars a performance, Melba and Calvé one thousand five hundred dollars, Plançon and Lassalle from five hundred to seven hundred dollars, and so on. It is the subscribers who have to pay for all this, and even they do not get satisfaction for their money. The costly stars, to say nothing of the chorus, are sad misfits as regards language and nationality, so that German opera as she is sung at the Metropolitan fails to satisfy the Wagnerites, while the Italian and French productions are not whole-hearted enough to warm up the Latins. As for the fashionable contingent, who don't care in the least for opera *per se*, they are disgruntled because they cannot hold *conversations* in their boxes, nor display their diamonds with sufficient *éclat*.

Colonel Mapleson, we fancy, must contemplate these proceedings with a sardonic smile. It is true, the old soldier had a somewhat disastrous campaign this season, and found his Sedan at Boston. Yet he quit the battle-field with all his troops intact, and with the brilliant victory of "Andrea Chenier" to his



COLONEL J. H. MAPLESON.

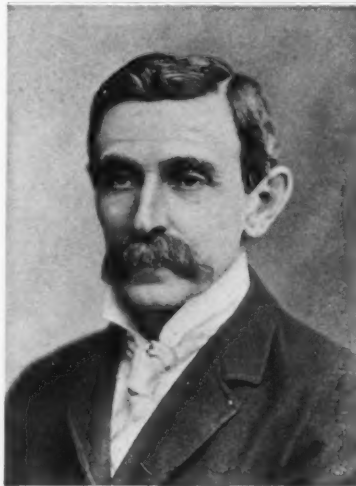
Photograph by Hollinger & Rockey, 518 Fifth Avenue, New York

credit. He will remove his heavy baggage back to London, his base of supplies, and there effect a reorganization of his army, which in due time we may expect to see once more marching gallantly to the front.

HENRY TYRRELL.

The President of the Pennsylvania Railroad System.

GEORGE BROOKE ROBERTS, president of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, with the hundreds of individual lines con-



GEORGE BROOKE ROBERTS.

of directors for succession to the presidency.

Mr. Roberts left a name and record that will be permanently associated with the history of the world's greatest railroad system. He was a thorough railroad man, enterprising yet conservative in his policy of management, and he built up every department symmetrically, on sound business principles. The worthy successor of Thomas A. Scott, he became favorably known in the commercial circles of every part of the civilized world.

Sprung from sturdy Welsh ancestors who settled at Bala, near Philadelphia, two hundred years ago, Mr. Roberts was born there in 1833. He received a thorough technical education at Rensselaer College, in Troy. At the age of eighteen he entered the service of the Pennsylvania Railroad as a rodman. At that time J. Edgar Thomson, Thomas A. Scott, and the coterie that

surrounded them were beginning to develop the greatness of the corporation as it exists to-day. Mr. Roberts's first task was in the survey of the mountain route of the railroad. It did not take his superiors long to realize his ability, and in 1852 he was made assistant engineer of the Philadelphia and Erie Railroad. For the next ten years his time and energies were devoted to the laying out and preliminary construction of the various lines tributary to the Pennsylvania system. He was made chief engineer, and from that time on there was no halt in his advance. He became assistant to President J. Edgar Thomson, then vice-president, and finally, in 1880, he became president himself, succeeding the late Colonel Thomas A. Scott. Thus the boy who had entered the service as a rod-carrier rose to be chief of an army of one hundred thousand workers, directing the movements of many thousands of cars over ten thousand miles of rails, and responsible for the judicious application of a monthly income of ten million dollars. In 1895 he became head of the trunk-line pool, a combination of railroads whose combined capital was over one billion five hundred million dollars. This was, we believe, the only time in his career that President Roberts accepted any position outside of what was conferred on him by the holders of Pennsylvania Railroad stock.

Personally, Mr. Roberts was a quiet, modest man, of simple, regular habits. His time was about evenly divided between his office and his home. He married early in life and leaves a family of six boys and girls, some of whom are grown up. He was not a man of great wealth. He held his position not because he controlled the greater part of the stock, for he did not, but because he had the full confidence of the share-holders, scattered over two continents. He is succeeded by Mr. Frank Thomson.

Mr. Thomson, who, on the 3d instant, was formally elected president of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, to succeed Mr. Roberts, has been first vice-president for some years past. He is recognized as one of the ablest railroad men in the United States. He is about fifty-five years old, and has had lifelong business and railroad training. Laying the foundation of his railroad knowledge in the Pennsylvania school, the Altoona shop, his first practical experience was gained under the watchful eyes of Colonel Thomas A. Scott, one of the former presidents of the company.

England Wants Depew.

(From our Special Correspondent.)

LONDON, January 10th, 1897.

THE possibility of Dr. Chauncey M. Depew's acceptance of the ambassadorial post to the Court of St. James has stirred Great Britain to unstinted eulogiums on the only man acceptable to all classes of society, not excepting the ultra-conservatives of Mayfair.

"What do I think of Dr. Depew's succession to Mr. Bayard? A perfect success," was the reply of Europe's keen diplomat, Chevalier Cesaro Ritz, whom I found in his sumptuous office at the Savoy Hotel. "I have known most of Europe's distinguished diplomats, as well as many illustrious in the history of your own country, but I question if any one else will be more acceptable to all classes in Great Britain than Dr. Depew, whose magnetic influence over men is a divine gift—a man born to lead, yet possessing that indefinable charm which, more than anything else, captivates society."

"The ambassadorial duties are manifold, and vary, of course, with the importance attached to the mission. Suavity is an essential quality, to which an inexhaustible fountain of patience is absolutely necessary. But not the least important feature is the personality of the candidate. He must possess great individual prestige, and be competent to accommodate himself to the varying moods of current history. There is a long list of additional requisites, but I will not exhaust your patience except to remark that a successful diplomat must also be an epicure—able to eat, but *avec de reserve*. In this I regard Dr. Depew pre-eminently a success, and the fact that he has ever preferred the Savoy Hotel is sufficient to establish his claim to greatness, for, it is at the Savoy where you meet Royalty, and the *élite* of Europe, as well as the flower of Americans. By all means encourage Dr. Depew's acceptance of the mission, and I am quite certain we shall henceforth see Great Britain and America in unclouded harmony, setting a worthy example for other nations to follow." Just then the Duke of Orleans came in to shake hands with M. Ritz before parting, and, as the Prince's suite were waiting for a similar opportunity, I gently withdrew.

M. Ritz's opinion is equal to a national expression, for his long and uninterrupted acquaintance with the leading men of Europe stamps him as an authority, not to mention the fact that he directs to-day the varied interests of a great financial syndicate which, in its numerous schemes includes the "Savoy Hotel," more important to fashionable London on Sunday nights than, perhaps, the grand opera at Covent Garden, the "Grand" in Rome, the "Du Louvre et Paix" in Marseilles, the "Frankfurter Hof" in Frankfurt-on-the-Main, and a dream of a hotel now being erected in Paris, which caused the *Figaro* not long ago to compare its beauty to the hanging gardens of Babylon; not to mention "Claridge's," in Mayfair, chiefly intended to accommodate the Queen's guests, and those of ample purse who can afford it.

C. FRANK DEWEY.



Celebrated for its great leavening strength and healthfulness. Assures the food against alum and all forms of adulteration common to the cheap brands.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.



A TYPICAL GROUP OF FIREBUGS. THE THREE CENTRE FIGURES ARE INFORMERS; THE BUST PORTRAITS ARE THOSE OF CONVICTED CRIMINALS.



SETTING FIRE TO AN INSURED CLOTHING ESTABLISHMENT.

THE EPIDEMIC OF INCENDIARISM IN NEW YORK.

DRAWN FROM AN INFORMER'S DESCRIPTION BY V. GRIBATÉDOFF.—[SEE PAGE 102.]

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WHALING IN THE ARCTIC SEAS.—*L'Illustration*.
The scene represented is at Onondar Fjord, Iceland, where the factories for extracting the oil and whalebone are situated.

SUPERIOR to vaseline and cucumbers. Crème Simon, marvelous for the complexion and light cutaneous affections; it whitens, perfumes, fortifies the skin. J. Simon, 13 rue Grange Batelière, Paris. Park & Tilford, New York; druggists, perfumers, fancy-goods stores.

LETTERS FROM FARMERS

In South and North Dakota, relating their own personal experience in those States, have been published in pamphlet form by the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railway, and as these letters are extremely interesting and the pamphlet is finely illustrated, one copy will be sent to any address on receipt of two-cent postage stamp. Apply to George H. Heafford, general passenger agent, 410 Old Colony Building, Chicago, Illinois.

AMUSEMENTS.

THEATRE, Broadway and 30th St.
Evenings at 8:15. Matinees at 2.
and the reappearance of Miss
THE GEISHA ADA REHAN
Tues., Thurs., Sat.

5TH AVE. EVENINGS 8:15.
MAT. 2.

E. M. & JOSEPH HOLLAND.
A SOCIAL HIGHWAYMAN.

USE Dr. Siegert's Angostura Bitters, the world-renowned South American tonic.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup

has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Sold by druggists in every part of the world; twenty-five cents a bottle.

DOBBINS'S Floating-Borax Soap is one hundred per cent. pure. Made of Borax. It floats. Costs you same as poorer floating soap. Worth more. If all this is true you need it. Order one cake of your grocer; you'll want a box next.

DISTRESS after eating is needless. Abbott's—the original—Angostura Bitters will put you on good terms with yourself. Druggists and dealers.

THE EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY.

THE policy-holders of this company are to be congratulated upon the exhibit made by its thirty-seventh annual statement, which is published to-day. The assets are shown to be \$916,773,947 at the end of 1896; and the surplus, after deducting all liabilities, to be \$43,377,170. The cash income of the year was \$45,011,058, and the amount paid to the policy-holders and their heirs reached nearly \$22,000,000. The new insurance written by the company during the last year amounted to \$127,694,084, notwithstanding the unusual depression of all commercial affairs. The company has entered upon the year 1897 showing a clean balance-sheet, an enormous surplus, and a flourishing business.

Free to Every Man.

THE METHOD OF A GREAT TREATMENT.

WHICH CURED HIM AFTER EVERY-THING ELSE FAILED.

Painful diseases are bad enough, but when a man is slowly wasting away with nervous weakness the mental forebodings are ten times worse than the most severe pain. There is no let-up to the mental suffering day or night. Sleep is almost impossible, and under such a strain men are scarcely responsible for what they do. For years the writer rolled and tossed on the troubled sea of sexual weakness until it was a question whether he had not better take a dose of poison and thus end all his troubles. But providential inspiration came to his aid in the shape of a combination of medicines that not only completely restored the general health, but enlarged his weak, emaciated parts to natural size and vigor, and he now declares that any man who will take the trouble to send his name and address may have the method of this wonderful treatment free. Now when I say free I mean absolutely without cost, because I want every weakened man to get the benefit of my experience.

I am not a philanthropist, nor do I pose as an enthusiast; but there are thousands of men suffering the mental tortures of weakened manhood who would be cured at once could they but get such a remedy as the one that cured me. Do not try to study out how I can afford to pay the few postage-stamps necessary to mail the information, but send for it, and learn that there are a few things on earth that, although they cost nothing to get, they are worth a fortune to some men and mean a lifetime of happiness to most of us. Write to Thomas Slater, Box 559 Kalamazoo, Michigan, and the information will be mailed in a plain sealed envelope.

The ones who use it are the ones who say it is healing, sweetening and purifying—Those who try it are the ones who use **CONSTANTINE'S PINE TAR SOAP** (Persian Healing) it all the time for the toilet and bath.

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CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.
CONSUMPTION

ATTENTION IS CALLED TO THE ADVERTISEMENT IN THE "CITY RECORD," commencing on the 19th day of January, 1897, and continuing therein consecutively for nine (9) days thereafter, of the confirmation by the Supreme Court, and entry in the Bureau of Arrears, of the assessments for OPENING AND ACQUIRING TITLE to the following-named streets in the respective Wards herein designated:
NINETEENTH WARD—83D STREET, between East End Avenue (Avenue B) and the East River; 84TH STREET, between East End Avenue (Avenue B) and the East River.
TWENTY-THIRD WARD—BARRETTO STREET, from Westchester Avenue to Intervale Avenue.
TWENTY-FOURTH WARD—TRAVER STREET, from Webster Avenue to Jerome Avenue.
ASHBEL P. FITCH, Comptroller.
City of New York, Finance Department, Comptroller's Office, January 19th, 1897.

PILES and **CONSTIPATION** cured free. A sample of the best remedy on earth mailed free of charge.
Prof. Fowler, Moodus, Conn.

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NATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE INSTITUTE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

PILES! PILES! PILES!

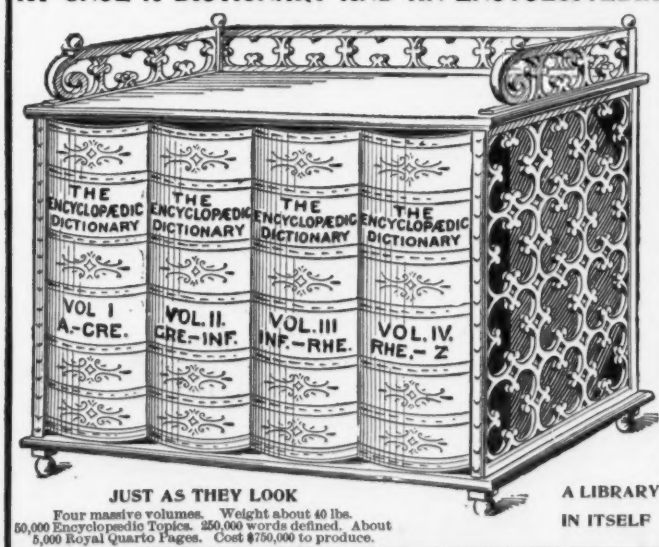
Dr. Williams's Indian Pile Ointment will cure Blind, Ulcerated and Itching Piles. It absorbs the tumors, allays the itching at once, acts as a poultice, gives instant relief. Dr. Williams's Indian Pile Ointment is prepared only for Piles and Itching of the private parts, and nothing else. Sold by druggists; sent by mail, 50c. and \$1.00 per box. **WILLIAMS' MEDICINE CO., CLEVELAND, O.**

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Very few of these special sets now remain, and fair warning is given that these will soon be claimed. Every reader now knows that the work is not only an Encyclopædia, treating over 50,000 topics, but the most exhaustive Dictionary published, defining over 250,000 words, which is 25,000 more than any other. They also know that they are securing the work for LESS THAN ONE-THIRD THE REGULAR PRICE, and as a consequence orders are being received daily from all sections of the country.

In making an inventory at the close of our recent Introductory Distribution, we find in stock a few sets of **The Encyclopædic Dictionary** (in cloth and half-Russia bindings only) of which the sides of some of the volumes are slightly rubbed—not enough to impair their real value or appearance in your library, but sufficient to prevent their shipment as perfect stock at our regular prices of \$42 to \$70 a set. There being only a limited number of these sets, we shall not go to the trouble of re-binding them, but have decided to let them go on easy payments of \$1 down and \$1 per month until paid for—less than one-third the regular price.

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THIRTY-SEVENTH ANNUAL STATEMENT OF THE EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY

OF THE UNITED STATES,

FOR THE YEAR ENDING DECEMBER 31, 1896.

ASSETS.

Bonds and Mortgages.....	\$32,021,426.97
Real Estate, including the Equitable Building and purchases under foreclosure of mortgages.....	26,088,242.94
United States Stocks, State Stocks and City Stocks and other investments, as per market quotations Dec. 31, 1896 (market value over cost, \$2,796,862.63).....	113,077,465.66
Loans secured by Bonds and Stocks (market value Dec. 31, 1896, \$14,738,055).....	11,723,700.00
Real Estate outside the State of New York, including purchases under foreclosure and office buildings.....	16,670,386.37
Cash in Banks and Trust Companies at interest.....	11,262,939.63
Balances due from agents.....	632,697.20
Interest and Rents due and accrued..	518,896.58
Premiums due and unreported, less cost of collection.....	2,578,037.00
Deferred Premiums, less cost of collection.....	2,200,155.00
Assets Dec. 31, 1896.....	\$216,773,947.35

We hereby certify that, after a personal examination of the securities and accounts described in the foregoing statement for the year 1896, we find the same to be true and correct as stated. The stocks and bonds in the above statements are valued at the market price December 31, 1896. The Real Estate belonging to the Society has been appraised by the Insurance Department of the State of New York, and is stated at the reduced valuation as shown in the official report of the examination of the Society, dated July 9, 1895.

FRANCIS W. JACKSON, Auditor.
ALFRED W. MAINE, 2nd Auditor.

LIABILITIES.

Reserve on all existing policies, calculated on a 4% standard, and all other liabilities....	\$173,496,768.23
Surplus, on a 4% standard....	\$43,277,179.12

We hereby certify to the correctness of the above calculation of the reserve and surplus. Dividends will be declared, as heretofore, on the basis of a 4% standard.

GEORGE W. PHILLIPS, Actuary.
J. G. VAN CISE, Assistant Actuary.

INCOME.

Premium Receipts	\$36,089,357.71
Cash received for Interest and from other sources.....	8,921,700.67
Income.....	\$45,011,058.38

DISBURSEMENTS.

Death Claims	\$12,380,249.00
Matured and Discounted Endowments.....	1,096,193.24
Annuities	410,793.31
Surrender Values.....	3,582,301.09
Matured Tontine Values.	2,041,970.20
Dividends paid to Policy-Holders....	2,425,932.61
Paid Policy-Holders	\$21,937,439.45
Commission, advertising, postage and exchange.....	4,330,268.30
All other payments: Taxes, salaries, medical examinations, general expenses, &c.....	3,736,714.26
Disbursements.....	\$30,004,422.01

ASSURANCE.

INSTALMENT POLICIES STATED AT THEIR COMMUTED VALUES.

Outstanding Assurance Dec. 31, 1896.....	\$915,102,070.00
New Assurance written in 1896	\$127,694,084.00
Proposals for Assurance Examined and Declined.....	\$21,678,467.00

We, the undersigned, appointed by the Board of Directors of the Equitable Society, in accordance with its by-laws, to revise and verify all its affairs for the year 1896, hereby certify that we have, in person, carefully examined the accounts, and counted and examined in detail the Assets of the Society, and do hereby certify that the foregoing statement thereof is true and correct as stated.

E. BOUDINOT COLT, T. S. YOUNG, G. W. CARLETON,	W. B. KENDALL, H. J. FAIRCHILD,	} Special Committee of the Board of Directors.
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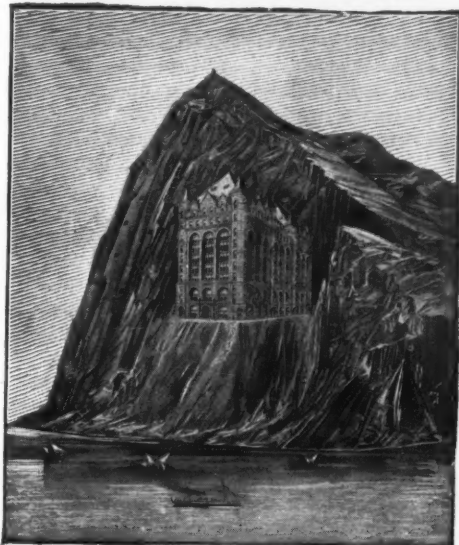
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LOUIS FITZGERALD, *Second Vice-President.*
GAGE E. TARBELL, *Third Vice-President.*
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THOMAS D. JORDAN, *Comptroller.*
W. ALEXANDER, *Secretary.*
S. D. RIPLEY, *Treasurer.*
J. B. LORING, *Registrar.*
EDWARD CURTIS, *Medical Director.*

THE PRUDENTIAL



... HAS ...

Assets,
\$19,541,827

Income,
\$14,158,445

Surplus,
\$4,034,116

Insurance in force,
\$320,453,483

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through nearly 2,500,000 policies.

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FIVE YEARS STEADY SWEEP ONWARD

	Dec. 31—1891.	Dec. 31—1896.	Increase in 5 years.
Assets, .. .	\$6,889,674	\$19,541,827	\$12,652,153
Surplus, .. .	1,449,057	4,034,116	2,585,059
Income, .. .	6,703,631	14,158,445	7,454,813
Insurance in force, .. .	157,560,342	320,453,483	162,893,141
Interest Earnings, .. .	290,348	825,801	535,452

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THEN you are indeed a rare man if you are not anxious to learn how it came about, what's the matter and what's to be done. Whether it be "only a cold," a chronic catarrh, or something more serious that has "settled on the lungs" in bronchitis or consumption, the sooner you find out how serious it is, and what to do for yourself, the better. If you must learn "how to live with one lung," the earlier you get this knowledge the longer you will live. Or maybe your particular weak spot is in the liver, stomach, or bowels. Then you can make no mistake in learning the best methods of regulating these vital functions. If you are full of aches, pains, neuralgia, or rheumatism, it will surely pay to look up the way to shake them off. Surely you can't want to neglect the insidious symptoms of Bright's disease or other destructive diseases, and you better become posted on nervous, blood and contagious diseases "by the book" than by experience.

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